



Shrunk



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Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

6087. Two thousand years ago, the humans on Earth were forced to shrink themselves to solve the population problem. It was a desperate act, justified by desperate times. The entire human population is now contained within five square miles, protected from the elements and recovering nature.

There is a fault in the Barrier, the dome that covers the humans. Only Earth's top engineers have a chance of fixing it before the biggest storm in recorded history commences.

May God have mercy on our souls.

Chapter 2 by Andrew Hartmann



My name is Ivan, and I am the only human on Earth that was not shrunk. My ancestors somehow managed to avoid the law to shrink themselves. Somehow, my family survived for two thousand years without the rest of humanity. Every once in a while, we go and check on Barrier, trying not to be seen because the human race will literally turn against me because I disobeyed them.

Now that the storm was showing up, I might want to show my face.

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Chapter 3 by Frank

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I continuously debate whether or not I should help them choose to help, but such an involvement will obviously give me away and I may lose my freedom forever.

What have they done for me? I had to do everything by myself and I lost my parents at an early age when THEY interfered too much. I have already helped enough. Despite them not realising it, they would all have died on the day my parents died had they not have been too kind.

"So why should I help them?" I keep asking myself as I walk over to that dome which despite its tiny inhabitants, still towers over me.

Chapter 4 by Tabeya Azdasih



I have thought, time and time again - maybe I ought to end their misery. It wouldn't take much, I could crush them in a matter of seconds, or I could get creative - after all, there is hardly anybody under the dome who hasn't done me wrong, in some ways, just by breathing.

I could compare them to insects - I never thought them worthy to keep count of how many I'd killed. And yet, in spite of their size, I cannot. Funny how easily I can massacre those creatures and not these, funny how the collective weight of their souls, maybe just as tiny as their bodies, could crush me physically. I could lose my mind - I've already driven myself half mad mulling over what to do. Or not to do.

If I try to do something and succeed, I save billions and billions of lives - but that wouldn't change a thing. If I don't and they die, it would destroy me. If I do and they die, as they will naturally, it will destroy me.

I am lost, but I am used to this.

Chapter 5 by Inventor_123 1



But I tripped and smashed part of the dome. All the little people charged out and shot their tiny lasers at me. When I finally get away, my whole left leg is desintegrated. I sat down and tried to recover, but it cannot leave my mind. As I fall asleep, I cannot help but wonder- what will happen in the morning?

Chapter 6 by Voskos



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Only an insane person would laugh at being intimidated by a tiny person. I can just picture some idiot scoffing, "Just squish her. What's the problem?" It sounds easy but a guard is trained to shoot any creature a hundred times bigger than them. They are expert shooters who rarely miss. They are known to practice their shooting skills rigorously for long hours, come rain or shine.

The guards also function in packs but she's alone. Where are the rest of her group? Oh, she's going to speak.

Chapter 7 by PyromaniacSoap



"Don't move or you lose your eye." She spoke only a few words, but they were very affective. Her green cloak fluttered in the breeze, and her face drew more deeply into her hood.

"What do you want?" I asked very slowly, cautious not to anger her or any of her possibly hidden friends.

"I want an alliance." she said, her small, but gorgeous green eyes matched her cloak beautifully.

"You, as the only normal sized human left, have some advantages of which we would like to control."

"Who is we?" I ask, trying to mask my fear of this little person.

"We? We are the rebels against the dome."

Chapter 8 by Voskos



I sigh. "No, can do" There was an awkward pause. "Let me fill in the blanks for you Sweetie Pie, I do not get involved." Ooh, I should have rephrased it better because she is clearly getting peeved and personally I like having two eyes. I set the tone of my voice to mild and mellow. "I do not get involved with Dome issues, pro or against...for personal safety reasons."

"If that is the case, why do you hang around the Dome if the inhabitants clearly don't want you around?"

I hesitate to answer but I could see that she and her trigger finger are getting very impatient. "I like to pretend to be Godzilla"

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guard and how dare she climb on me like I am some kind of camel! I shake my shoulders and she fell down right on her bottom with a thud. Yes, it was a dumb move to do to one's captor but if she is going to shoot me after this, then at least I can die with dignity.

"If you haven't noticed lately, I am one leg short, so marching is not going to work." I shifted to crawl in order to get out of her shooting range. "Stay where you are!", she yelled with her gun poised again. I was too slow, we are back where we started.

"My group have been mending and restoring your leg with their Cell-construction medical kit while we were having our little discussion." She stepped closer again, we were now a breath apart. "Listen closely Godzilla, I am going to climb onto your shoulder, on my command you will stand up and march. Any more 'funny' business, then my associates will shoot holes into your skull and obliterate that itty-bitty brain of yours."

"Wonderful, a different body-part to shoot at. That's very creative." She hit my cheek with the butt of her gun for that remark.

the end

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